PHILO-CAROLUS:

Consisting of Three

POEMS,

(VIZ.)

A Canto upon the PLOT.-1

A Satyr against ATHEISM.-7

AND

A PANEGYRICK

Upon our most Gracious Soveraign

K. CHARLES II.-15

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A

SATYR

UPON THE

PLOT.

THe *Jewish* Law did Kings invest,
With the Prerogative of Priest;
But modern *Rome* thinks otherwise,
That they're more fit for Sacrifice:
Nay, he that stops his Soveraigns breath,
Shall merit Heaven by his death.
Nor are such holy acts allow'd,
To the profane unhallow'd Crowd;
None has the power but holy Priest,
To stab, and wound his Prince's breast;
This blood's deny'd to Laick-lip,
Of this Cup none but Priests must sip,
Who shave religious Noddles close,
And yet more barbarous are than those,

Who Nature's ſavage Liv'ry wear,
The hairy Wolf, and rugged Bear;
All the Religion of the Mind,
Within that Circle is confin'd;
For their Devotion's ſeldom known,
To fall down lower than their Crown.
Thus Herns do ever judge it beſt,
On tops of Rocks to build their neſt,
With rotten ſticks, old rags, and feathers,
As *Rome*-Saints holy Relicks gathers,
Who ſtretches out her haughty neck,
From th' tops of her aſpiring hills,
Wou'd have all ſubject to her beck,
And ſlaves addicted to her will.
Her Plots declare her Cauſe not good,
This Swallow builds with nought but mud;
And ſince that ſhe has been forbid,
Her young ones in the Church to feed,
She neſts and chatters in old walls,
And ſets up *Peter* againſt *Paul*.
As fighting Cocks are always known
By their cut Combs, ſo by ſhav'd Crown
Of *Romiſh* Prieſt, we may conclude,
The Man ſo mark'd, a friend of blood.
'Tis not the enjoyment, but the care
Of wordly things, which Monks forſwear.

View but their Cloiſters, and you'd ſay,
There's none more innocent than they;
Yet ſecretly they can conſpire,
Whole Cities to deſtroy by fire,
Abſolve from ſworn obedience,
And make a Subject kill his Prince.
So muzled Maſtiff all the day
Sleeps, as if careleſs of his prey,
Contented with his ſtake and chain,
And harmleſs in the eyes of men;
He chains his ſwelling rage as faſt,
As he himſelf is to his poſt;
But when let looſe i'th' ſilent night,
He does with greateſt fierceneſs bite.
Who can forget the horrid tricks
O'th' Powder-Plot, and ſixty ſix;
When *London* ſtreets were all in flames,
Scarce to be quench'd by neighb'ring Thames;
When globes of fire did repreſent
Cartes's ſecond Element;
Whoſe motion did ingender light,
And paint the ſullen face of night;
The flame it ſelf turn'd Jeſuite,
A treach'rous pleaſant Hypocrite,

Which did at once deſtroy and ſmile,
And with fair glance did men beguile,
Yet burn'd the City all the while.
But theſe are lyes 'gainſt Catholicks
Forg'd, and made out by Hereticks:
What's paſt, may eas'ly be forgot,
When what now is, they ſwear is not,
And dare deny the preſent Plot.
He that believes not what he ſees,
'Tis pity he ſhou'd have his eyes.
That there's a Plot, there's none can doubt,
But he that's ſorry 'tis found out.
Theſe uncouth Doctors all agreed
To cure, by cutting off the Head,
Who aim ſo much at piety,
That they forget humanity,
As if the ſtaining of a Nation
With inn'cent blood, were its purgation.
That Church is monſtrous ſure, whereon
May be a Saint, and yet no honeſt man,
Where Saints by bloodſhed do inherit,
And Butchery's accounted merit;
Nay, they their miſchiefs did invent,
Under a happy Government:
As Waſps, when from warm Sun they ſpring,
Receive with life a pow'r to ſting,

And

And like them too, they ſtuck ſo faſt
On blood, till they were caught at laſt:
The death of murd'red *Godfrey*,
Was a dull, fort'nate Roguery,
Which did prevent the Kingdoms Fate,
Made out the Plot, and ſav'd the State:
Like one ſick of a Pluriſie,
Did then unhappy *England* lye,
Being forc'd either to bleed or die:
She had been ſtifl'd too like him,
In her own blood, by ſtratagem;
Nay, ſome of her own Members did
Conſpire to make the Nation bleed,
And act unnat'ral ſuicide.
But th' unſeen hand of Providence,
(Which ſtill is Monarch's beſt defence)
From theſe deſigns ſav'd *Charles*'s Life,
And our Throats from reforming Knife.

A

SATYR

AGAINST

ATHEISM.

AS one yet raw in Necromantick Art,
Does in the midſt of holy Circle ſtart,
And dreading that which does appear to few,
Looks paler than the Ghoſt he calls to view:
So though I keep within Religion's bound,
(Beyond which compaſs there's no ſafety found)
Yet fear and horror does my heart poſſeſs,
When I behold the Legions numberleſs,
That never ceaſe the Atheiſt to moleſt,
But alway torture his unhappy breſt.
He buys his pleaſure at a dearer rate,
Than ever Martyr gave for's happy ſtate:
After ſome minutes all his torture's paſt,
But th' Atheiſts pangs do all his life-time laſt.

Nor can the ſtupid Wretch himſelf bemoan,
As if by laſhing all his ſenſe were gone.
He rails at all that do Religious ſeem,
And hates them, only 'cauſe they pity him.
This Fox entrapp'd by ſenſe's treachery,
Snaps at thoſe fingers that wou'd ſet him free;
He does both Clergy and Religion curſe,
As froward Children ſcratch indulgent Nurſe.
His ſtrength's made weakneſs, and his health diſeaſe,
And that he makes his plague, which ought to pleaſe.
Madneſs his mirth's become, poyſon his meat,
Surfeit his meal, he gluts, but cannot eat.
Abroad he drinks and revels all the night,
At home poor *Hector* with himſelf does fight.
When morning glimpſe ſteals ſoftly through the chink,
And without noiſe does ſeize the man in drink,
The guilty priſoner then is homeward brought,
Reeling in fetters, which himſelf had wrought.
Without expence of Link he finds his door,
Creeps into bed, and thinks to ſleep ſecure,
On downy pillow lays his drowſie head,
And hopes to ſleep away his guilt in bed.
But when lewd Senſe, repoſe begins to take,
Then Conſcience cries, 'tis my turn now to wake:
I'le make his thoughts my blackeſt Liv'ry wear,
Fancy ſhall be his Executioner,

And

And that of which he does ſo vainly boaſt,
Shall in the midſt of ſleep torment him moſt:
I'le paint my vengeance in his guilty brain,
His wit ſhall now but help t'increaſe his pain,
Since he with impious breath ſtrove to blow out
Eternal flames, and durſt at Heaven flout:
I'le make his inward faculties conſpire,
To torture him ev'n with a painted fire.
Then as if dead, the ghaſtly Atheiſt lyes,
With mouth half ſhut, with white and glaring eyes;
The lines which laughter in his face had drawn,
Are wrinckles now, and help to make him frown:
His pale and meagor cheeks, and purging head,
Wou'd almoſt make one think the Wretch were dead:
Yet ſighs and diſmal groans diſcover life,
So does his heart, that beats it ſelf for grief;
It ſtarts, and leaps, and fain wou'd get away,
But unkind Nature forces it to ſtay:
It ſtrives to get to's mouth, as if that were
Set ope to free this panting priſoner;
But it is fetter'd cloſe with twiſted veins,
Which only 'cauſe they life prolong, are chains.
Both head and breſt a raging heat endure:
Thus factious Wine, to make the work more ſure,
To ſeveral parts at once does fire convey,
Like thoſe who Cities wou'd in aſhes lay.

At length by Fever wak'd, and ſcaring dream,
(Like one ſurrounded with a midnight-flame)
Amaz'd with fear, diſeaſe, and roving head,
He ſighs, and ſtarts, and quits uneaſie bed.
Then trips in Slippers to beloved glaſs,
Swears at the pimples of his budding face,
And asks his mirror, how it came to paſs.
But if he chance to look above his noſe,
By knobs on brow he finds there has been blows;
Who ſware at pimples of ſo ſmall a ſize,
How will he curſe the lumps above his eyes?
Which like great mountains in blue dreſs appear,
Whilſt mole-hill pimples other colours wear;
They ripen, and look blue in outward skin,
Long before grapes of noſe, or foreign chin.
The reaſon of the difference is plain,
For they're ſupply'd with heat from neighb'ring brain.
When dreſs'd, down ſtairs he trolls to lodging-door,
Stands in heroick poſture half an hour,
Looks big, hems, and ſwears luſt'ly at the poor.
Then to the *Rain-bow*-Coffee-houſe he flees,
With ſet of jeſts, peart knots, and repartees.
As Porpoſes, ere tempeſt does begin,
In multitudes are in the Ocean ſeen,
So when young Fops crowd into Coffee-rooms,
You then may gueſs the bluſt'ring Atheiſt comes.

He

He enters, then a while by th' door muſt ſtand,
Waving his Glove, o'reſtock'd with fringe, in hand,
Shakes his convincing Wig, and twice-cock'd Hat,
Then caſts an eye on baffling Shoulder-knot.
Being view'd ſufficiently, he takes his place,
Where if he's ask'd, What mean the knobs in's face,
He ſtraight begins to tell Romantick fables,
How he and two more beat nine Conſtables,
Though with him ten as grim-fac'd Huffs as he,
Were by four Watchmen drubb'd moſt ſhamefully.
'Tis ſtrange he ſhou'd Almighty pow'rs defy,
Who trembles at a mortal enemy!
At laſt he culls, as far as he is able,
The moſt renown'd Debauches of the Table.
Theſe joyn their heads to make unhallow'd jeſt,
Invent new oaths, and point at formal Prieſt.
In theſe there's nothing great, except their crimes,
Whoſe Libels do not aim at ſence, but rhimes.
Their *Pegaſus* a Carrier's horſe appears,
Who ſeldom travels without Bells at's ears:
In ſound they 'gree, but differ in their load,
For they bear nought that does their Countrey good.
They call all fools, yet can't themſelves be wiſe,
Like Crabs, who always have more claws than eyes.
They ſpeak, and look, but cannot think like men,
Of mankind they are but the tawdry ſcene.

Beyond

Beyond the ſhape their manhood does not go,
Like *Pſyche*, they're not made of ſence, but ſhew.
Whilſt common Bravoes from one part o'th' Play,
Do meanly pick heroick pattern, they
Example take from a whole Tragedy.
Though they have none, yet ſtill the trade of wit,
Is much advanc'd by th' Bullies of the Pit.
Poet and Fop a Prologue joyntly make,
Each Play it's birth does from two Cauſes take.
The Poet wit on Comick Babe beſtows,
The Fop dull jeſt, humour, and gawdy cloaths.
Thus new-born Inſect owes amphibious birth
To the Sun's heat, and ſlime of putrid earth.
They rail at Scholars, but ſhew reverence,
To th' mighty man that taught them firſt to dance,
And yet theſe are the only men of ſence.
To make an Entry, Spring, or cut a Caper,
Are terms of Art, much more gentile and cheaper,
Than Mathematick Rules, or bones of *Naper*.
One thing I beg from you that are more ſober,
That when you do obſerve poetick Lubber
Swag into Coffee-houſe, you would not laugh,
When he for jeſt does at Religion ſcoff.
No wonder he on *Hopkins* is ſo fierce,
Who ſcarce can make a tolerable Verſe.

He wears his wit on th' outſide of his brow,
For what parts can't, that impudence ſhall do.
I'le ſpeak but once—I wou'd not Atheiſt be,
Though I were ſure there were no Deity.
Who wou'd torment his ſoul to humour ſenſe,
Or ſpend his days in fond impertinence?
He's twice a fool, that labours to be ſuch,
And wilfully takes pains to be a Wretch.
Let th' Atheiſt pine, and waſte himſelf with vice,
And bear the plagues of his fools paradiſe.
Though all his painted joys to me were given,
I ſcarce wou'd live an Atheiſt's life for Heaven.

A

PANEGYRICK

Upon our Gracious Soveraign

King *CHARLES* the II.

1.

TO praiſe a Monarch, that's more great than good,
That's fat with ſlaughter, and his neighbours blood,
Who, beyond force, ne'r Juſtice underſtood.

2.

To extol Princes, that make War their trade,
Have ruin'd Kingdoms, Towns in aſhes laid;
What is it, but to triumph o're the dead?

3.

But he that can poſſeſs a Diadem,
Without oppreſſion, and falſe ſtratagem,
For Panegyrick is the nobleſt Theam.

4.

Great Sir! 'Tis Juſtice that ſupports thy Throne,
In peace thou doſt poſſeſs thy envy'd Crown;
Envy'd by all, becauſe thou envy'ſt none.

5.

Whilſt others, whoſe ſole aim is to defeat,
Procure new Kingdoms by a Royal Cheat,
And ſwell 'till they're unnaturally great.

6.

Thou art triumphant in the midſt of peace,
Thy glory by reflexion does increaſe;
For what's thy Subject's, is thy happineſs.

7.

In ſpight of Papiſt, and Fanatick Band
Of Rebel-*Scots*, thou doſt unſhaken ſtand,
As Rocks are fix'd, though in the midſt of Sand.

8.

Thou that canſt Monarchs of the greateſt ſize
Contemn, 'tis ev'n below thee to deſpiſe
A Rebel-Subject's feeble treacheries.

9.

Of all reproaches (though it ſcarce is one)
This is the worſt, that can on thee be thrown,
Thou ſeek'ſt our ſafety, rather than thine own.

10.

Thy Juſtice ſmites the Ruffian, or the Thief,
Whoſe bare-fac'd Violence, or private Knife,
Invades thy darling Subject's Goods, or Life.

11.

Yet thou canſt pardon (which I dread to ſay)
Thoſe Subjects, that wou'd take thy Life away,
If they are ſuch, that wou'd thy Life betray.

12.

This black infernal Treaſon does appear
A Crime too diſmal to be puniſh'd here.
Hell is its fitteſt Executioner.

13.

Such mercy does beyond exception prove,
Thy Soul is more than humane, and above
Thoſe which in Breſts of common Monarchs move.

14.

Since then thy Royal Heart is ſo inclin'd,
That thou canſt mercy for a Traytor find,
Pity the ſufferings of each loyal mind.

15.

Our bleeding Hearts ev'n feel that Cruelty,
Which grim-fac'd Ruffians did intend for thee,
And we ſcarce live, fearing leſt thou ſhou'dſt die.

16.

To mean Concerns thou giv'ſt a gracious Eye,
And for our ſakes canſt put off Majeſty,
'Tis ſometimes great, ev'n to lay Grandeur by.

17.

May Heav'ns (Great Sir) thy Veins with fury fill,
And may thy Judges execute thy Will;
Who ſpares one Traytor, does five Subjects kill.

18.

May both the Lords and Commons, joyn'd with thee,
From Presbyterian Tumult keep us free,
And Papiſts undermining Treachery.

19.

Then ſhalt thou be ſo great by Sea and Land,
That none ſhall dare t'oppoſe thy great Command,
Our Neighbours too themſelves may underſtand.

May

20.

May all that ſwell by breath of ill-got Fame,
Whoſe Libels dare their King, and Laws blaſpheme,
Loſe both their Ears, their Wit, and empty Name.

21.

Or elſe may each have Wit, yet no man know it;
Or may he ne'r diſcern how to beſtow it,
In Verſe an Orator, in Proſe a Poet.

22.

May Treaſon-Clubs, whoſe bought Intelligence
Serves but to prate of Kings with inſolence,
And model States, be ever baniſh'd hence.

23.

May all ſeditious Subjects learn t'obey,
Not under-hand make Loyaliſts their prey,
And then on Thee their private miſchiefs lay.

24.

May both the *Indies* dread thy Royal Frown,
And tremble, like their Jewels in thy Crown,
And may the Univerſe thy Scepter own.

25.

To thy vaſt Ships Heav'n give a proſperous gale,
That now o're all the floating World prevail,
May thy Pow'r ſpread, as far as they can ſail.

FINIS.